

*Montserrat Caballé*



THE DUBLIN GRAND OPERA SOCIETY  
presents

MONTSERRAT CABALLÉ

Soprano

in

The William O'Kelly Memorial Recital

with

NAPOLEONE ANNOVAZZI

Accompanist

at

The National Concert Hall

on

Saturday, 19th December, 1981

at 8 p.m.





*Montserrat Caballé*



THE CAREER OF Montserrat Caballé emphasises two important facts of operatic life that we are sometimes reluctant to acknowledge: the enormous part that is played by chance, and the inability of both audiences and management to appreciate superlative talent even when it is positively blazing under their noses. Caballé became an 'overnight star' in the Spring of 1965 when she took over for the indisposed Marilyn Horne as Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* for the American Opera Society in New York: yet a tape of her Mimi in Basle nine years earlier reveals the same beautiful expressive voice, the same technical command, and the same masterly colouring of tone to create dramatic character.

It is hard to believe, that, considering she sang her way through some 50 roles during those early years, including appearances at Vienna State Opera and La Scala, it took so long for proper recognition to be accorded to her.

Born in Barcelona, she studied music from the age of 8. At 17 she began a 7 year period of intensive vocal training, which laid the foundations of the artistry we marvel at today. 'For technique', she says, 'I went to a Hungarian, Eugenia Kemmeny, who had specialised in the German repertory. It was hard at first to grasp what she wanted, but when I finally understood her teaching I learned incredible breath control, so that I could support the voice on long notes even in pianissimo.' (How often reviewers have brought out their superlatives to praise this particular virtue!) 'I learned my first opera roles—Fiordiligi, Susanna, Lucia, The Queen of Night, with Napoleone Annovazzi. In a year he showed me how to produce a steady stream of tone with no effort, taught me never to force my voice. When I went to him I could hit a top F, but he assured me that I was lyric soprano and that I would lose my voice if I continued as a coloratura.' She was given and responded to perfect advice, because her singing of florid music has always been truly lyrical and expressive.

Following her debut in *La Serva Padrona* in the small town of Reus, near Barcelona, she moved to Basle for 3 years and then through Germany, Italy, Mexico, culminating in her debut in Barcelona in 1962 as Arabella. She says herself that it took her six years to travel from the Conservatorium in Barcelona, which is situated on the top floor of the Opera House, to the stage there.

Since 1965 she has been in demand in all Opera Houses of the world and her repertoire encompasses 102 operatic roles. In addition she has recorded some 33 different operatic roles including *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Bohème*, *Traviata*, *Turandot*, *Aida*, *Don Carlo*, *Mejstofele* and most recently *I Puritani* and *La Gioconda*.

It was in Barcelona that she fell in love with Bernabè Martí, a fellow Catalan who was singing Pinkerton to her Butterfly. After a courtship whose flavour was more that of Hollywood than of Spain, they were married appropriately enough at the mountain-top of Montserrat some miles from Barcelona in 1964. They have two children and as well as their apartment in Barcelona, they live on an extensive farm some 50 km. away. Montserrat Caballé is not only one of the truly great singers of our time, to her family and her friends, she is a simple, warm-hearted person with an impish sense of fun that her artistic image scarcely hints at.

"All my life I dreamed of being a great artist. I am not one. I am a good singer with a beautiful voice, but I know I am not a great artist. I try very hard to do my best, the best I can be. As an actress I cannot make impressive gestures. The few I do, however, are sincere, and I think the public realises this."



*Napoleone  
Annovazzi*

Napoleone Annovazzi who is well known to Irish audiences through his association with the Dublin Grand Opera Society, both as Conductor and Artistic Advisor, was born in Florence and studied music in Venice and Milan.

He made his operatic debut conducting *Lohengrin* in Merano, Italy, in 1926. Apart from directing operas and symphonies throughout the world, he has composed two operas, many songs, and is a noted musicologist in the field of Baroque Opera. During his researches he unearthed a full score of *L'Arbore di Diana* by the celebrated 18th century Spanish Composer, Vicente Martin y Soler—who is best remembered today for his opera *Una Cosa Rara* which is quoted in the supper scene of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The Librettist of *L'Arbore* was Lorenzo da Ponte and the opera which was premiered in 1787 was a great success at the time. Maestro Annovazzi has prepared a performing edition of the work and he will direct its first modern performances in Madrid next March with Mme. Caballè in the title role.

His association with Mme. Caballè dates from when he was the Artistic Director of the Teatro del Liceo in Barcelona in the early 1950s. In more recent times he has conducted many operas with her and last month they were together in Nice for *Manon Lescaut* and are returning there in January for performances of *Turandot*.



# Recital Programme

## *Five Italian Arias*

**VIENI O MIO DILETTO  
UN CERTO NON SO CHE  
CHIARE ONDE  
SPOSO SON DISPREZZATE  
AGITATA DA DUE VENTI**

**VIVALDI**

## *Four Lieder*

**MORGEN  
STÄNDCHEN  
ALLERSEELEN  
CÄCILIE**

**STRAUSS**

**INTERVAL**

## *Three French Songs*

**VOCALISE EN FORME D'HABANERA  
OUVRE TES YEUX BLEUS  
AIR DE LIA DE L'ENFANT PRODIGUE**

**RAVEL  
MASSENET  
DEBUSSY**

## *Six Spanish Songs*

**ELEGIA ETERNA  
LA MAJA EL RUISEÑOR  
EL VITO  
DEL CABELLO MÁS SUTIL  
FARRUCA  
CANTARES**

**GRANADOS  
  
OBRADORS  
  
TURINA**

*Vieni, o mio diletto* (from a Cantata)

*Un certo non so che* (from *Il Trigade*)

*Chiare onde* (from *Ercole sul Termodonte*)

*Sposa, son disprezzata* (from *Bajazet*)

*Agitata da due venti* (from *La Griselda*)

Vivaldi, the son of a violinist, was born in Venice. He was ordained at the age of twenty-four, but he soon gave up his ecclesiastical duties and became attached to the Conservatorio de la Pietà. Nicknamed 'the red-haired priest', he travelled widely as a violinist and was a most prolific composer. He wrote hundreds of concertos for violin, cello, bassoon and other instruments, more than forty operas, three oratorios and a quantity of liturgical music. Some of his concertos achieved lasting renown in the arrangements that John Sebastian Bach made of them, others, for example *The Four Seasons*, have found new popularity in recent years. Of his vocal music only a few arias and ariettas from the operas and cantatas are generally known. They are full of charming invention.

*Vieni, o mio diletto*

Vieni, vieni o mio diletto.  
che il mio core tutto affetto  
già t' aspetta e ognor ti chiama.

Come then, come, oh my beloved,  
For my heart, by you held captive,  
All impatient bids you hasten.

*Un certo non so che*

Un certo non so che  
mi giunge e passa il cor,  
e pur dolor non è.

I know not what it is  
That seems to pierce my heart  
Yet leaves no sense of pain.

Se questo fosse amor?  
nel suo vorace ardor  
già posi incauta il piè.

How then if this were love?  
Near his devouring flames  
One has been rash to stray.

*Chiare onde*

Onde chiare che sussurate,  
Ruscelletti che mormorate,  
Consolate il mio desio.  
Dite almeno all'idol mio  
La mia pena e la mia brama.

Sparkling waves, as you ripple softly,  
Rivulets with your murmuring voices,  
Satisfy my ardent wishes.  
Do but tell my best beloved  
All I suffer, all my longing.

*Sposa, son disprezzata*

Sposa, son disprezzata,  
fide, son oltraggia,  
cieli, che feci mai?  
E pur egli è il mio cor,  
il mio sposo, il mio amor,  
la mia speranza.

Wedded, then scorned and slighted,  
Faithful, and now insulted,  
Heaven, what have I done?  
He truly is all my life;  
Him I married, him I love,  
In him I trusted.

*Agitata da due venti*

Agitata da due venti,  
freme l'onda in mar turbato,  
e 'l nocchiero spaventato  
già s' aspetta naufragar.

Buffetted by opposing winds,  
The ocean waves rage on in fury,  
And the steersman, filled with terror,  
Fears his ship is doomed to sink.

*Morgen* (John Henry Mackay)*Ständchen* (Adolf Friedrich von Schack)*Allerseelen* (Hermann von Gilm)*Cäcilie* (Julius Hart)

Richard Strauss wrote more than two hundred songs. Most of them appeared in small volumes, twenty-six in all, each containing from three to eight songs, twelve of the volumes being devoted to the poems of a single author. The first complete edition of Strauss songs was published by Messrs. Boosey & Hawkes in 1964, the centenary year of the composer's birth. *Morgen* and *Cäcilie* are from Opus 27, a volume dedicated as a wedding gift to Madame Pauline Strauss-deAhna, and *Cäcilie* was written on September 9th, 1894, the day before the composer's marriage. *Ständchen* is from Opus 17 (1885-87), and *Allerseelen* is the last song in the first volume, Opus 10, composed in 1882 and 1883.

*Morgen*

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder  
scheinen,  
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder  
einen  
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .  
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,  
wogenblauen,  
Werden wir still und langsam  
niedersteigen,  
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen  
schauen,  
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes  
Schweigen . . .

*Ständchen*

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise, mein  
Kind,  
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.  
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im  
Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts  
sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke  
gelegt.  
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so  
sacht,  
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen;  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondschein-  
nacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.  
Rings schlummern die Blüten am  
rieselnden Bach,  
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist  
wach.  
Sitzt nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen;  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen.  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen  
erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den Wonneshauern der  
Nacht.

*Tomorrow*

Tomorrow will the sun once more be  
shining  
And on the road that I shall journey over  
He'll re-unite us two, who are blest by  
Fortune,  
Upon this sun-absorbing earth we inhabit.  
And to the shore widespread, caressed by  
blue waves,  
We shall walk down in peaceful calm,  
and slowly,  
Gazing into each other's eyes quite  
speechless,  
A silence born of happiness upon us.

*Serenade*

Unbolt, unbolt, but quietly, my dear,  
That none of the sleepers may waken.  
The stream is scarce heard, the wind  
barely lifts  
A leaf on the bushes and hedges.  
So quietly, my sweetheart, let nought be  
stirred,  
And see that your hand touches gently  
the latch.  
With footsteps as light as a fairy will  
take,  
In tripping from flower to flower,  
Slip softly out in the moonlit night,  
And come to me here in the garden.  
Here flowers close in sleep by the  
murmuring brook,  
Still perfumed they sleep; only Love is  
awake.  
Come sit here, this shade has a secret  
spell  
Under the lime tree's branches.  
The nightingale to our fancy shall  
Be musing upon our kisses.  
And the roses, when they awaken at  
dawn,  
Will glow with the magic bliss of the  
night.

*Please do not turn the page until the song is finished.*



### *Allerseelen*

Stell' auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,  
die letzten roten Aestern trag' herbei,  
und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie heimlich  
drücke,  
und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  
gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blikke,  
wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem  
Grabe,  
ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,  
komm an mein Herz, dass ich dich wieder  
habe,  
wie einst im Mai.

### *Cäcilie*

Wenn du es wüsstest,  
was träumen heisst von brennenden  
Küssen,  
von Wandern und Ruhen mit der  
Geliebten,  
Aug' in Auge und kosend und plaudernd,—  
Wenn du es wüsstest,  
du neigtest dein Herz.

Wenn du es wüsstest,  
was bangen heisst in einsamen Nächten,  
umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand  
tröstet  
milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,—  
wenn du es wüsstest,  
du kämest zu mir.

Wenn du es wüsstest,  
was leben heisst, umhaucht von der  
Gottheit  
weltschaffendem Atem, zu schweben  
empor  
lichtgetragen, zu seligen Höh'n,—  
wenn du es wüsstest,  
du lebstest mit mir!

### *All Souls' Day*

Set on the board the mignonette all  
fragrant,  
The latest flowering asters bring here too,  
Then let us speak again of love together,  
As once in May.

Give me your hand, that secretly I may  
press it,  
And if we're seen, I do not greatly care,  
Let but your dear eyes gaze awhile upon  
me,  
As once in May.

Sweet blooms to-day on every grave are  
flowering,  
One day the year spares for departed souls;  
Come to my heart, let me once more  
possess thee,  
As once in May.

### *Cecilia*

If you knew, only,  
What it is to dream of fiery kisses,  
Of roaming and resting with your beloved,  
Lost in gazing, and fondling and  
prattling,—  
If you knew, only,  
You would soften your heart.

If you knew, only,  
What it is to fear, all lonely at night-time,  
Mid threatening storms, with none to utter

Soothing words to a strife-weary spirit,—  
If you knew, only,  
You would hasten to me.

If you knew, only,  
What it means to live, inspired by the  
almighty  
World-creating Spirit, and soaring aloft,  
Bathed in radiance, toward heavenly  
heights,—  
If you knew, only,  
You would tarry with me.

## INTERVAL

### *Three French Songs*

*Vocalise en forme d'Habanera*

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

*Ouvre tes yeux bleus* (Paul Robriquet)

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

*Air de Lia* (from *L'Enfant prodigue*)

Achille Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Ciboure, where Ravel was born, is close to the Spanish border. His parents had lived in Spain, and his own affinity with the Spanish character is to be felt whenever his music is inspired by Spanish subjects, or is written in the idiom of the songs of Spain.

Massenet wrote two hundred and sixty songs, not including the airs that are taken from his operas. *Ouvre tes yeux bleus* is the third of six songs in the cycle *Poème d'amour*, all with words by Paul Robriquet, published in 1880. The composer was careful to note in the autograph that the song was completed on Sunday, September 15th, 1878, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

*L'Enfant prodigue*, a Cantata with words by Eduard Guinand, was the *envoi* that Debussy sent to the *Institut* in Paris when he was a *Prix de Rome* student at the Villa Medici. It was published in 1884. Sir Thomas Beecham produced it as a one-Act opera, played with *Hänsel and Gretel*, in the course of his first opera season at Covent Garden in 1910. Several European stage productions followed, and *L'Enfant prodigue* returned to Covent Garden in 1923. The *Air de Lia* is sung by the Mother of the Prodigal Son at the beginning of the work.

*Vocalise en forme d'Habanera*

Ah . . . . .

*Ouvre tes yeux bleus*

Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma mignonne;  
Voici le jour.  
Déjà la fauvette fredonne  
Un chant d'amour.  
L'aurore épanouit la rose:  
Viens avec moi  
Cueillir la marguerite éclore;  
Reveille-toi!

A quoi bon contempler la terre  
Et sa beauté?  
L'amour est un plus doux mystère  
Qu'un jour d'été;  
C'est en moi que l'oiseau module  
Un chant vainqueur,  
Et le grand soleil que nous brûle  
Est dans mon coeur!

*Récitatif et Air de Lia*

L'année en vain chasse l'année!  
A chaque saison ramenée,  
Leurs jeux et leurs ébats m'attristent  
malgré moi:  
Ils rouvrent ma blessure, et mon chagrin  
s'accroît . . .  
Je viens chercher la grève solitaire . . .  
Douleur involontaire!  
Efforts superflus!  
Lia pleure toujours l'enfant qu'elle n'a  
plus!

Azaël! Azaël!  
Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?  
En mon coeur maternel  
Ton image est restée.  
Azaël! Azaël!  
Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?  
Cependant les soirs étaient doux  
Dans la plaine d'ormes plantée,  
Quand, sous la charge récoltée,  
On ramenait les grands boeufs roux.  
Lorsque la tâche était finie,  
Enfants, vieillards et serviteurs,  
Ouvriers des champs ou pasteurs,  
Louaient de Dieu la main bénie.  
Ainsi les jours suivaient les jours,  
Et dans la pieuse famille,  
Le jeune homme et la jeune fille  
Echangeaient leurs chastes amours.

D'autres ne sentent pas le poids de la  
vieillesse;  
Heureux dans leurs enfants,  
Ils voient couler les ans  
Sans regret comme sans tristesse . . .

Aux coeurs inconsolés, que les temps  
sont pesants!

Azaël! Azaël!  
Pourquoi m'as-tu quittée?

*Vocalise in the style of the Habanera*

Ah . . . . .

*Open your blue eyes*

Open your blue eyes, my darling,  
See, it is day.  
Already the warbler intones  
A song of love.  
With the dawn the rose bud opens,  
So come with me  
And pick newly wakened daisies;  
Arouse yourself!

Of what use to survey the world  
And its beauty?  
Love is a mystery far more sweet  
Than summer days.  
I have within me a bird that sings  
Victorious songs,  
And the high sun that burns us all  
Is in my heart.

*Lia's Recitative and Aria*

Another year has passed away!  
As each season comes round again  
Their pleasures and delights bring but  
sadness to me:  
They afflict my heart anew, my sorrow  
grows the more.  
I turn toward the lone, deserted strand . . .  
Suffering beyond relief!  
Exertion in vain!  
Lia mourns ceaselessly the child she now  
has lost.

Azaël! Azaël!  
Why have you gone from me?  
Still a mother's sad heart  
Holds your memory dear.  
Azaël! Azaël!  
Why have you gone from me?  
Were they not happy, those evenings  
On the plain among the elm trees,  
As, burdened with gathered harvest,  
Homeward came the great red oxen.  
Then when the day's hard work was done,  
The child, the old man, the servants too,  
Workers from the fields or shepherds,  
Would praise the generous hand of God.  
So one by one the days went by  
And among our good, simple folk  
Many a man and his chosen maid  
Would exchange vows of faithful love.

How many are there who feel not the  
weight of years,  
Who blest with children's love  
Can see the years pass by,  
Nor regret, nor be sad at heart!

For hearts that know no peace, how weary  
are the hours!

Azaël! Azaël!  
Why have you gone from me?

*Please do not turn the page until the aria is finished.*



## Six Spanish Songs

*Elegía Eterna* (Apeles Mestres)

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

*La Maja y el Ruiseñor* (from *Goyescas*)

*El Vito*

Ferran Jaumandreu Obradors (1897-1945)

*Del Cabello más sutil*

*Farruca* (Ramon de Campoamor)

Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

*Cantares* (Ramon de Campoamor)

Granados was the earliest of modern Spanish composers to become popular abroad, through his *Spanish Dances* and *Goyescas* for piano, and his songs written in the style of Eighteenth Century *tonadillas*. The poem of *Elegía Eterna* is written in Catalan. The suite of six piano pieces entitled *Goyescas* was inspired by scenes in the paintings of Goya. Ernest Newman described it as "the finest piano music of our day" and added, "The music, for all the fervour of its passion, is of classical beauty and composure". Out of this music Granados made an opera to a libretto by Fernando Periquet. It was first given in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House on January 28th, 1916. Returning to Europe after the production, Granados was drowned when the *Sussex* was torpedoed in the English Channel. *La Maja y el Ruiseñor*, the fourth number in the piano suite, became in the opera a song for Rosario at the beginning of the last Act. She is sitting in her moonlit garden where a nightingale is singing. Later there is a passionate love duet, and then her lover is mortally wounded in a duel with his rival. Rosario's song is among the best loved of Granados' compositions.

Obradors, a native of Barcelona, was a pianist, conductor and teacher. He wrote symphonic and chamber music, and *zarzuelas* for the theatre, but he is known principally for his volumes of popular songs from the various regions of Spain. The *Vito* is a lively dance from Andalucía.

Turina was born in Andalucía and studied in Paris under Vincent d'Indy at the Schola Cantorum. He achieved a considerable reputation outside Spain with his songs and with two popular orchestral pieces, *La procesión del rocío* (1913) and *Danzas fantásticas* (1920). Turina was an excellent pianist and was also a music critic writing for the Madrid journal *El Debate*. He wrote two operas, and is the author of a Musical Encyclopedia. These two songs are taken from Suites, all with words by Campoamor; *Farruca* is from *Triptico No. 1*, *Cantares* is the third of six songs in a volume entitled *Poema en forma de Canciones*.

### *Elegía Eterna*

El papello no li ha dit mai, no gosa  
no velarli, son mal,  
però glateix d'amor per una rosa  
qu' idolatra a la brisa matinal.

La brisa matinal enamorada  
per la boira s' desviu,  
i la boira perduda i afollada  
decandintse d'amor adora al riu.

Mes ai! el riu engojaset fugia  
de penyal en penyal,  
la boira enamorada al riu seguia,  
i a la boira la brisa matinal.

En tant vegeutse abandonada i sola,  
s' ha desfullat, la flor:  
i al demunt d' aquell tronc sense corola,  
s' atura el papello, clou l'ala i mor.

### *Elegy Perpetual*

The butterfly has never told, nor dare he  
Reveal to her, his pain.  
He palpitates with love though, for a  
fair rose,  
But her devotion's for the morning breeze.

The morning breeze, in love to desperation,  
Is pining for the mist;  
The mist in turn, infatuate, distracted,  
A lowly slave to love, adores the stream.

Alas, the stream in trouble was escaping  
Past many a stubborn rock;  
The love-lorn mist pursued the stream all  
vainly,  
And close behind the mist the morning  
breeze.

Meanwhile, finding herself alone,  
abandoned,  
The rose has shed her leaves;  
And lighting on that stem that bears no  
flower,  
The butterfly stays, folds his wings, and  
dies.

*La Maja y el Ruiseñor*

¿Por qué entre sombras el ruiseñor  
entona su armonioso cantar?  
¿Acaso el rey del día guarda rencor  
y de él quiera algun agravio vengar?  
Guarda quizás su pecho oculto tal dolor  
que en la sombra espera alivio hallar  
triste entonando cantos de amor.

Tal vez alguna flor,  
temblorosa del pudor de amar,  
es la esolava enamorada de su cantor . . .  
¡Misterio del cantar  
que entona envuelto en sombra el ruiseñor!

*El Vito*

Una vieja vale un real,  
y una muchacha dos cuartos;  
y yo, como soy tan pobre,  
me voy a lo más barato:

Con el vito, vito, vito,  
Con el vito, vito, va.

No me jaga usted cosquillas,  
que me pongo colorá.

*Del cabello más sutil*

Del cabello más sutil  
Que tienes en tu trenzado,  
He de hacer una cadena  
Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca  
Cuando fueras a beber.

*Farruca*

Está tu imagen, que admiro,  
tan pegada a mi deseo,  
que si al espejo me miro,  
en vez de verme te veo.

No vengas, falso contento,  
llamando a mi corazón,  
pues traes en la ilusión  
envuelto el remordimiento.

Marcho a la luz de la luna  
de su sombra tan en pos,  
que no hacen más sombra que una,  
siendo nuestros cuerpos dos.

*Rosario and the Nightingale*

Why hides the nightingale deep in the  
shade  
When pouring out his sweet, melodious  
song?  
Could he toward daytime's ruler bear  
ill-will  
And seek revenge for some injustice done?  
Maybe his heart conceals a secret grief  
That in the shadows he hopes to allay  
With mournful giving voice to songs of  
love.

Who knows but that some flower,  
Tremulous with love's humility,  
Is overcome, enraptured by his sweet  
refrain  
Mysterious is the song  
The nightingale enwrapped in darkness  
sings!

An old woman costs a penny,  
And a young lass but two farthings;  
So I, being such a poor man,  
Must go for the better bargain.

With a *vito, vito, vito*,  
With a *vito, vito va*.

Do not tease me with those glances,  
For you only, make me blush.

*With the finest of the hairs*

With the finest of the hairs  
In the braids that richly adorn you,  
I must make myself a chainlet  
That I may pull you beside me.

Would that I could be a beaker,  
My dearest, within your house,  
That I might greet your lips with kisses  
Every time you came to drink.

*Farruca (Flamenco Dance)*

Your own adorable image,  
Is so much a part of my life  
That, when I look in the mirror,  
You only I see, not myself.

Let no deceptive illusion,  
Make its appeal to my heart  
For wishful thinking embraces  
The seeds of unhappy regret.

Walking along in the moonlight  
I pursue your shadow so,  
That you'll see one shadow only  
Though in substance we are two.

*Please do not turn the page until the song is finished.*



*Cantares*

¡ Ay !

Más cerca de mí te siento  
cuando más huyo de tí,  
pues tu imagen es en mí  
sombra de mi pensamiento  
¡ Ay !

Vuelvemelo a decir,  
pues embelesado ayer  
te escuchaba sin oír  
y te miraba sin ver.  
¡ Ay !

*Song*

Ah!

More closely I feel you near me  
When we are furthest apart,  
For your image in my mind  
Stays with me, close as my shadow.  
Ah!

Come back and tell me it again;  
I was spellbound yesterday,  
Having ears I did not hear,  
Watching you I did not see.  
Ah!

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